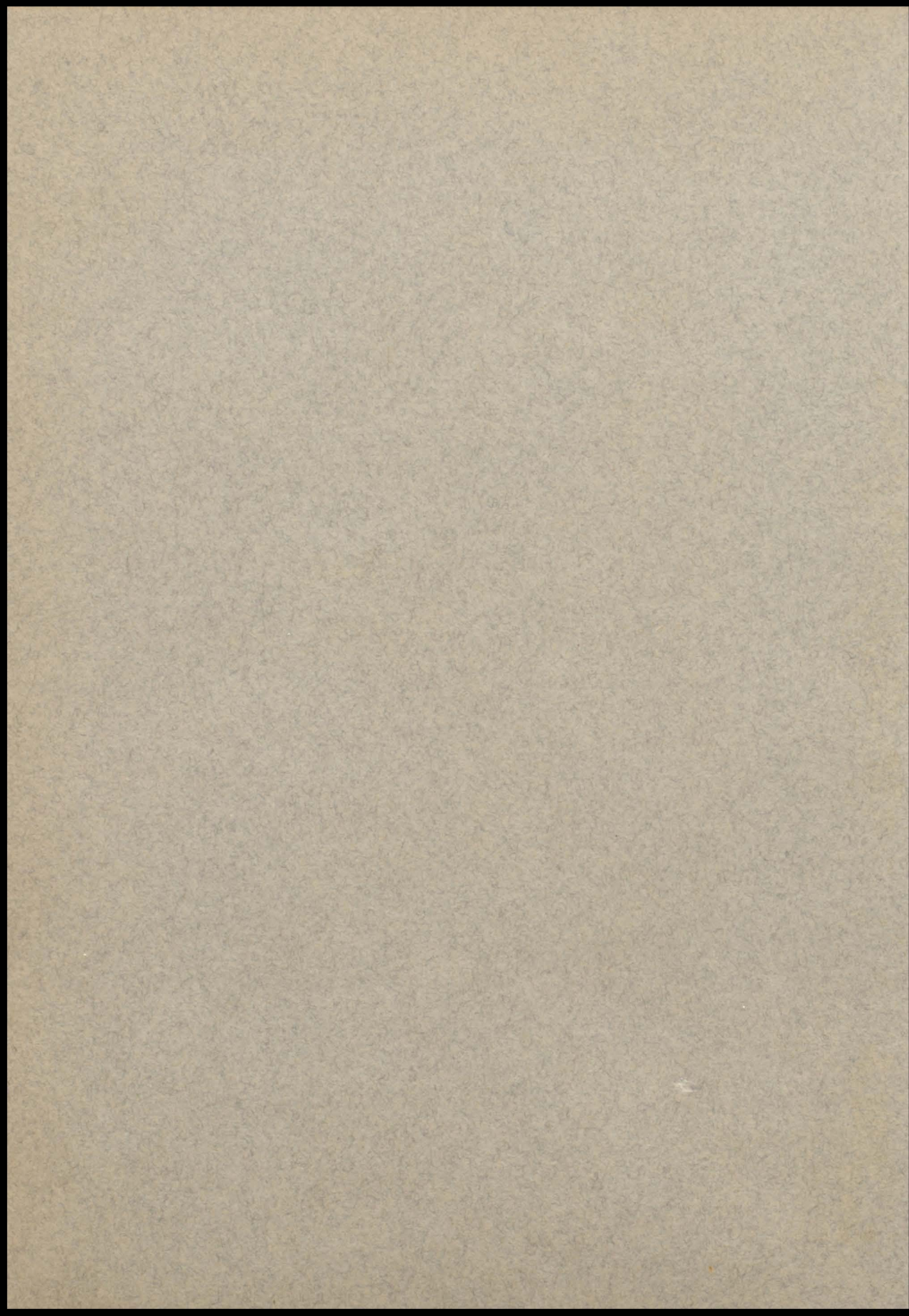
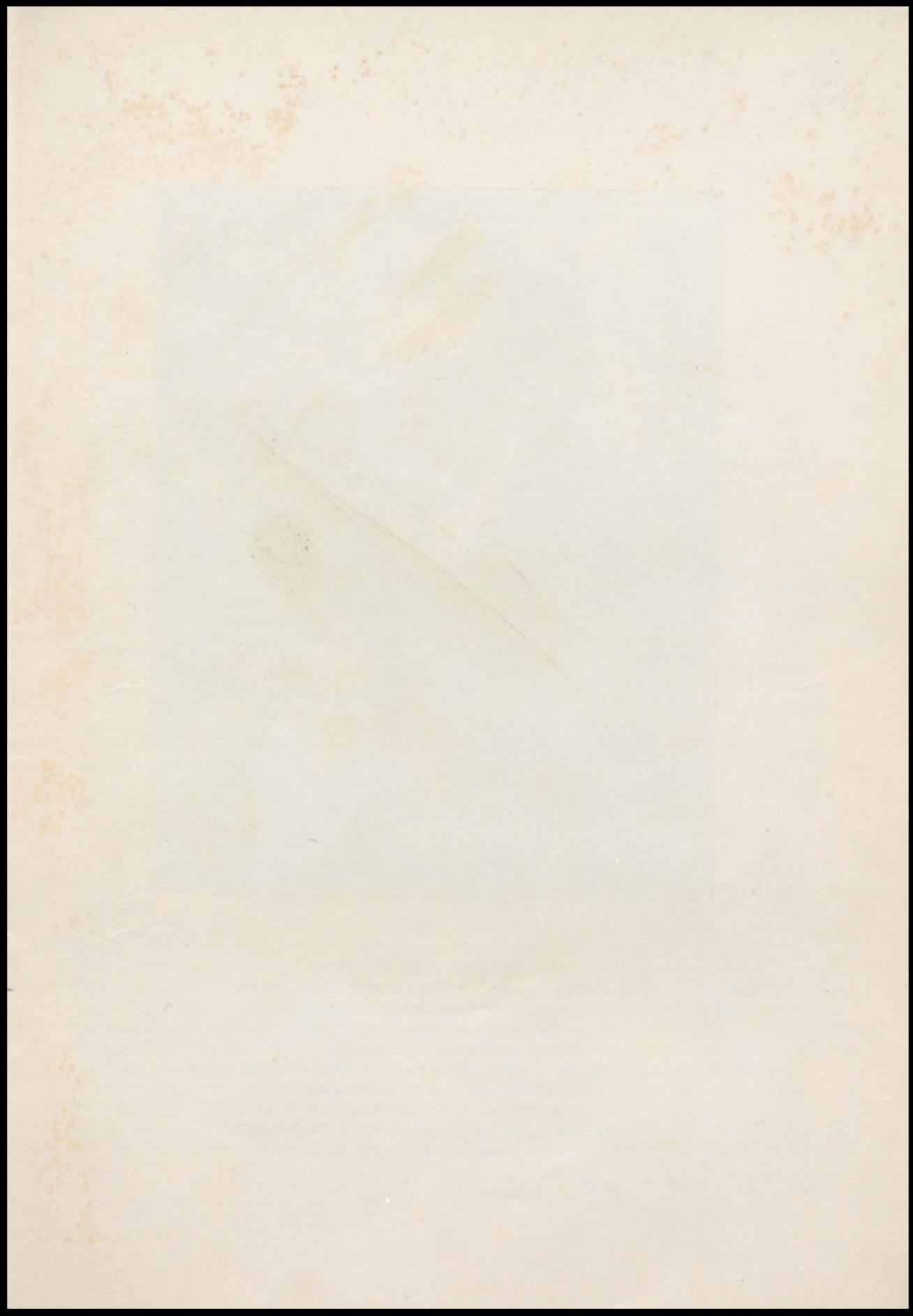


The Academy Herald



Fall Issue
1932







To the memory of
DR. JOHN GEORGE GEHRING,
for thirty-five years a Trustee of Gould Academy,
and for fourteen years President of the Board,
whose active interest and loyal support
have made notable contributions to
the phenomenal growth and development of the Institution
during the last three decades,
this edition of the Academy Herald
is gratefully and respectfully dedicated by
The Faculty and Student Body.

Dr. John George Gehring

The Much Loved Man

In the death of Dr. John George Gehring, which occurred in Bethel on September 1st, Gould Academy has lost one of its most loyal and devoted friends. The following, from the Oxford County Citizen of September 8th, well expresses the love and esteem in which he was held, not only in the community which he loved and served, but by a nation-wide circle of devoted friends.

As if there had been granted to him a rare and beautiful consummation of life, the past year and a half have brought to Dr. Gehring a very unusual experience, a glorious refflorescence, which seems the crowning of his days.

After a period of flagging physical forces, worn by the long strain of the peculiar and exacting demands of the practice of his profession along his chosen lines, he had found anew the vigor, the zest, the enthusiasm of youth. Tempered by the wisdom, the mellowed outlook of the tried experimenter in the problems of life.

The one ray of light that pierces the shadow into which swift death has plunged the village of his adoption, comes in the thought of the radiantly happy summer which he and Mrs. Gehring have passed since they came home to us in June. Never in all their rich and varied experience, it has seemed, have they so fully known, so deeply appreciated "the durable satisfactions of life." Only last Sunday he walked down the broad street that he loved so well with all the verve, the alertness of a young man.

He has been so youthful, so buoyant in

spirits. So delighted to renew contacts with friends and former patients, who have come from far to see him. So alive to the pleasures of his beautiful home. So boyishly keen to the wonders of his enchanted woods. So eager to take up again his healing art. Never was there so perfect an aftermath.

Bethel, in its reserved New England way, has been proud of its distinguished citizen. Proud of the honors he has won; of the degrees conferred upon him. That a wing of the great Neurological Institute in New York bears his name.

But it is of other things that many are thinking most today. Of "that best part of a good man's life, the little nameless . . . acts of kindness and of love." How he brought the bulbs and superintended and aided in the planting of a tulip bed for a neighbor who, he had heard, loved tulips. How patiently he has mapped outlines and overseen the planting of shrubbery for helpless and discouraged amateurs. How he delighted to recognize and foster any budding desire for the beautifying of the village.

Many of us remember with gratitude—and regret—with what artistic skill he designed and with what tireless, self-sacrificing energy he worked to make the village common the place of unusual beauty which it once was. There are innumerable memories. Of burdens lifted from tired shoulders. Of paths made straight before weary feet.

Of the oil of kindness brought to the healing of wounds.

The Boy Scouts think of his constructive interest in them this summer. The delightful, and to more or less shy youngsters, disarming, way in which he devoted himself to them one evening not long ago. They went home with eyes open to things hitherto unseen along the common way, promoted to the dignity of being co-workers with him in his nature study; with new impulses and aspirations. And a vivid conception of what a Good Fellow a Big Man could really be.

There comes too the quickened consciousness of what a very tower of strength he has been in the civic life of this town. Of how much of enrichment has poured into it through channels of his cutting. Of how ready he always was to put his shoulder to the wheel in an emergency. Of what an invincible power he was to causes which he espoused—with Dr. Gehring's name the day was won. So that when word came that he had fallen it seemed to some that the very foundations were shaken.

All his vast output of work has been done under the handicap of a very delicate, highly strung nervous organization and none too robust body. Perhaps one secret of his success with his patients was that he brought them a sympathy and comprehension, born of a common experience of pain.

He came here some forty years ago a tall, slender young man, tanned by the sun of Arizona and New Mexico whither he had been in the quest of health that had failed under the exertions of his practice in Cleveland. Some years after an illness brought him under the care of the late Dr. Frederick Henry Gerrish of Portland, who was very much interested in the science then new, in America, of auto-sugges-

tion, as practiced by famous French physicians. Dr. Gehring was so much benefitted by the treatment that he came home determined to begin, by yet uncharted ways, the work which led to his phenomenally successful career in the realms of Psychiatry, then in its infancy, and only recently recognized as a most important department of medical science. Together with his devoted and brilliantly accomplished wife — always his co-worker whose strongest desire has ever been to foster and aid in the development of her husband's gifts, he began the unique experiment in which he achieved remarkable results and which brought him a most distinguished clientele. He gathered all the tithes into the storehouse. His wife's versatile talents created the brilliant social environment. She was his inspiration.

So near to this dominant note in his life, there later came the devoted love and skill he held in hourly readiness for one man, of whatever need of any help he could bestow. The great professional and affectionate core of his heart was William Bingham II, whose character, abilities and greatness of soul as shown in the philanthropies that have blessed this town, this state, this country and European needs, have been the passionate pride of Dr. Gehring's life.

With his naturalist's lore he made the wisdom of the woods, the strength of these hills, the life-giving touch of the soil, his adjuncts.

In a presentation copy of his book, "The Hope of the Variant," are inscribed these words—"my dear friends and neighbors who for twenty-five years have seen this book put into practice." Looking back, one realized what an unprecedented chapter those years form in the annals of a country village. Dr. and Mrs. Gehring have always de-

lighted to share their opportunities, and unnumbered priveleges and pleasures have come to friends through their gracious hospitality.

Immeasurable is the debt which successive groups of young people owe to the favors so generously bestowed.

Even as these inadequate words are written, a member of the Tennis Club of Dr. Farnsworth's boyhood days, comes. She says "I never can forget how kind, how courteous, how considerate Dr. Gehring always was to us young people when we used to go there."

Rest, relaxation has always come to him most through his fortunate avocation, the study of entomology. In which he attained wide knowledge, which brought him the friendship of many scientists. Its pursuit led him far afield and made every country walk or drive, dull to folk of untrained perception, to him alive with interest.

It is grateful in this day of loosening standards to recall how Dr. Gehring has always stood for the dignified, the decorous, the serenity, in social intercourse. It was a brave person who would have ventured to transgress the rules of conduct which he instinctively maintained for himself and for those about him. His love of fun, the whimsical way in which his wit played about, and enlivened, the happenings of daily life, never occasioned in the slightest degree any lowering of his habitual dignity. Sometimes he seemed remote, inaccessible. But once within the barriers of a strong, natural reserve, one never failed to yield to the charm of a magnetic personality.

During these years of partial leisure he has kept closely in touch with advancement in Psychiatry and has rejoiced in its development through the establishments of hospitals and schools. Of late he has felt that he had come

into a wider comprehension of mental, spiritual laws, which had led to greater development in the power to lay hold upon them. Having thus attained, he was, as ever, eager to share, to teach, to heal, to aid unstable souls to attain serenity.

Countless are those who today feel that the world is for them an infinitely poorer place now that he who has been their "cup of strength" has gone out of it.

With him it must be well. Though no longer a young, no longer even a middle-aged, man, he seemed to us to have died in the very plenitude of his powers. Death leaves him on the summit.

"Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor house vast,
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm."

On Sunday afternoon, September fourth a great concourse of people gathered in the spacious rooms of the Gehring home, that so often in days that are gone had reflected the charming personality of its welcoming host.

They came from near and far, came with bowed spirits that they might do reverence to the memory of this noble man.

Perhaps in the history of Bethel no more distinguished group of people was ever assembled.

The noble form rested amidst a profusion of beautiful flowers, mute messengers of love for the departed and of sympathy for the living.

The death messenger seemed to have caressed the features and to have left upon them the look of eternal youth.

The service was conducted by the Rev. L. A. Edwards, pastor of the First Congregational Church, assisted by Dr. Frank E. Hanscom.

In accordance with the wish of Mrs. Gehring the friends, led by Mr. Edwards, united in the Twenty-third

Psalm which had been repeated at the last Roll Call of the Church in response to the names of Dr. and Mrs. Gehring, and upon this occasion seemed a most fitting expression of the love and friendship that pervaded the assembly.

Dr. Hanscom then read with deep feeling the hymn, "Looking Unto God," that for many years had been to Dr. Gehring a constant source of comfort and an expression of his soul's deepest convictions, and also Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

The Scripture selections were taken from the Book of Ecclesiasticus, the Proverbs and excerpts from the great Comfort Chapter, the 14th of John.

This was followed by the poem, "Crowned Son of God." In deference to the wish of the family no extended words of eulogy were spoken. The pastor, however, called attention to the text from John's Gospel, the first chapter and sixth verse, which reads, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." Leaving the friends there gathered to witness the striking parallel between that John to whom the text refers, and this latter John, the beloved physician, the pioneer, the pathfinder, the way-preparer in the field of his chosen profession.

After the sorrowing friends had mutely said "good bye," the funeral cortege wended its way through the

little village that he, prompted by his love of the beautiful and because of his civic pride, had done so much to beautify, that coming generations will more and more appreciate.

The body was laid to rest in the place which he had made beautiful by his rare artistic sense.

The beautiful Greek Stele, selected and carved by his friend Daniel French, the famous sculptor, bears the ancient symbol of immortality, the butterfly, and stands to mark a spot that to many will ever seem Holy Ground.

The last rites at the grave were said by the pastor, using the following simple commitment.

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to remove from the sphere of this life the soul of our departed brother; We therefore commit his body to the grave; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in the full hope of the endless life the truth concerning which has been revealed to us through the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; 'And with Thee we leave Him.'"

It was with saddened hearts, yet with spirits enriched by the memory of a beautiful life that we turned away to take up the tasks he laid down; with the prayer upon our lips that his mantle might fall upon each of us.

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THE ACADEMY HERALD

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Editorials

OUR SCHOOL PAPER

Few people realize the amount of work which really lies behind the preparation of a school paper. Most people are not familiar with the minute details with which the editorial board has to contend. Ill-tempered advertisers, forgetful assistants, sluggish contributors, financial difficulties, unpaid advertisements, securing writers for the paper, and organizing sales campaigns are only a few of the difficulties which beset the editorial board. One easily forgets that all the material has to be secured and since students are only human, after all, the material is oftentimes difficult to obtain and in some cases it is almost like trying to squeeze water out of a stone. Some school papers even go so far as to ask prominent citizens to contribute editorials and other matter in an effort to create local interest. The gathering of advertising and the selling of the finished magazine often require hours of outside work and besides this the pupil has, in many cases, to employ considerable tact and business sense. When all the material and advertisements have been collected it might be thought that the editor-in-chief could put his feet on

the desk, his hands in his pockets, lean back in his chair and say, "Well, that's that, my job's done, now let the sales manager sell it, if he can, when it comes off the press." But no, all the contents has to be corrected, rewritten and then finally typewritten. This typewritten material has to be arranged in the form of a manuscript, places marked for pictures, advertisements and other illustrations. By the time this stage is reached somebody generally realizes that something is missing and the editor-in-chief is called on to write a few editorials to fill up the chinks. Besides this there is the difficulty of obtaining good cuts for the reproduction of any photographs which may be wanted. All this procedure has to be gone through before the paper is even ready to go to press.

After delving so deeply into what appears to be the disagreeable side of a school paper let us consider some of the benefits derived from it. First and foremost, come the benefits to the school. A good student publication is an unrivaled advertisement, an excellent indicator of the standards of the school, and a decided mark of distinction all rolled into one. In a great percentage of cases it has been proved that it was the appearance of a fine school paper which has directly or indirectly affected the enrollment of many students in private schools and colleges. One of the many benefits derived by the students from a school paper is an accurate and authentic record of the "doings" at school in the years when the student was present—a

record such that practically every pupil may look back at with interest and enjoyment in years to come. Another, and perhaps even greater benefit, is spread among only a limited number of students; namely, service on the editorial board. The editorial board is in reality the organization of a business. In this business the members learn a considerable amount about the manner in which large concerns carry on their functions. This is, in some cases, of inestimable value to the student because it often gives him his first glance at, and acquaints him with, the procedure followed in one of the many industries in which he may be employed in after life.

Last, but certainly not least, comes the fact that after all this work has been done and all the necessary money expended to print the school paper, the circulation manager has to confront a rather generally uninterested student body. Each one says, "Oh, let the other fellow buy one then I'll read his." Such an attitude is, to say the least, disrespectful and unthoughtful of the honest efforts of the teachers and students. Another discouraging fact is that pupils are often ready to offer criticism which is destructive and hardly ever constructive; furthermore it is generally the ones who are the least willing to contribute who are the worst offenders. Any student who is unwilling to work for the school paper, but is willing to criticise it certainly doesn't have very much of that rare element known as sportsmanship in his make-up.

Leslie Learned '33

SCHOOL SPIRIT

How many students attending school know the real meaning of school spirit? In a few words, school spirit is our mental and physical attitude toward school life, student body, and faculty. Spirit is defined as the breath of life. Isn't school spirit the breath of school?

School spirit is needed for a great many things in school life, but perhaps the most important are athletics and social life. The varsity team needs the support of the students. To know that the students and teachers appreciate their efforts, will help them to play a better game. A good cheering squad to back a team is a good sign of school spirit. Social activities in a school are needed to break the monotony. To have these fully enjoyed, interest must be taken by everyone.

School spirit is not a subject and cannot be learned from a book; it has to be acquired. There are many ways that this can be done. One way is through student cooperation. One should cooperate with all ones fellow-mates, making friends instead of enemies. Another way is loyalty. One should be loyal to both teachers and students, always speaking an encouraging word for them both in school and out. Service also plays a very important part in acquiring school spirit. One should delight in doing anything and everything to help ones school by obeying the principles of our school and by getting our lessons faithfully. Cheerfully helping our classmates and underclassmen and being courteous to

all will help immensely to develop our school spirit. If one does all these, he has school spirit and something far greater than that—the spirit of life.

Katherine Goldthwait '33

SPORTSMANSHIP

School offers us many opportunities for learning good sportsmanship. Interscholastic games are among these, but they are not by any means the only occasions for showing it. Some people's idea of good sportsmanship seems to be that one should shut it up, and trot it out to be exhibited only at athletic events, where one should stand and Rah! Rah! for Dear Old Alma Mater for a while, and then forget all about sportsmanship until the next game. Good sportsmanship has a far wider application than that; it applies to all of us every day. When others excel us in sports, in gaining high rank, and in a thousand and one other ways, instead of saying, "Oh, I can't do that," or, "I should worry," a good sport says to himself, "Well, he may have trimmed me today, but I won't give up, I'll try again, and see if I can't beat him yet."

Men in business are often tempted, no doubt, to cheat others, especially when things are going against them. Those who succumb to this temptation think they are smart to get away with it. On the contrary, they're not. In reality they're only weak and cowardly and have shown they have a yellow streak because they cheated.

In school, for instance, in a class

election, there is sometimes a person who "stuffs the ballot box" for the candidate he favors, and then brags about having done it. There is nothing fine about such a person, he's just a lowdown cheat. He isn't a bit better than the fellow who intentionally trips the players of a visiting basketball team to prevent them from scoring a basket, yet no one would admire him, they would just say, "Well, he's a pretty poor sport."

These people may succeed in winning, or in accomplishing their desired ends, but they do it indecently, and **they know it**, though they wouldn't admit it for anything. It is far better to lose fairly and to know that you have done your best and have been beaten, than to cheat and win. There is no real satisfaction in winning this way, for you know inside that you haven't done the square thing, and if there is any man in you at all, you are sorry you did it.

Those we have mentioned are not by any means the only people who cheat. Our own National Congress is notorious for such practices as "log rolling," "lobbying," and the "pork barrel," all of which are but high-sounding names for the unpleasant word "cheat." But enough of poor sportsmanship. Now let's consider the fine side of the question.

The English have always been noted for their good sportsmanship, and the following story will give an instance of its finest application.

During the World War, the greater part of the world was kept in constant

terror by the German raiders who were capturing and sinking vessels in all parts of the Seven Seas. Many of these raiders were unscrupulous as to what ships they sank and did not even try to save the people on board; but there was one crew, the crew of the cruiser **Emden**, who were noted among the English for their good sportsmanship. They never committed a single breach of international law. At last they were themselves captured, and when they were taken as prisoners to London, enemies though they were, they were treated like heroes, and the crowds in the street cheered them as they passed. What finer example of the highest type of sportsmanship could one ask?

The recent Presidential Election is a splendid example of good sportsmanship on the part of Mr. Hoover. Although we may strongly disagree with Mr. Hoover's ideas, and may have done our level best in helping to elect his opponent, still we can't help recognizing and appreciating the sportsmanlike way in which he accepted his defeat, and admiring his manly, frank, and helpful attitude toward his victorious rival, and toward the country which repudiated his administration. His offer to cooperate with the President-elect during the remaining months of his own administration is a splendid picture of true manliness.

Good sportsmanship, then, is not only playing life's game, but playing it fairly. It is doing your level best, giving the other fellow a "square deal," and accepting the consequences with a

smile.

Carl Hansman

ANOTHER YEAR

Another year has started at Gould Academy. To some of us it is our first year while to others it is the last. Whether it be our first, however, with three pleasant years ahead or our last with three pleasant years behind, let us try to make the present year the best the school has ever known.

Our athletic teams have started us off favorably—our football team losing only one game. Let us, in a like manner, improve our daily recitations and personal conduct.

The teachers this year at Gould are very efficient and are willing to meet the students more than half-way. We students, however, must play our part and live up to the faith that the teachers have placed in us. If we are able to do this, surely there is no reason why this year at Gould should not be the best in the history of the school.

Betty Hunt '33

School Notes

Commencement exercises were held on Thursday, June 9, at ten o'clock in the William Bingham Gymnasium. The following program was presented:

Invocation,	Rev. L. A. Edwards
March	Music
Salutatory,	Mark Hamlin
Transferring of Twentieth Century Club	
Banner and Presentation of Class Gift,	Evelyn Whitman
Acceptance of Gift,	Mr. E. C. Park, Trustee

Music

"EVERYYOUTH"

A Morality Play by Walter L. Bissell
Cast of Characters

(In order of appearance)

Fairy Queen,	Marie Soule
War,	Richard Green
Plunder,	Paul Grover
Gossip,	Eleanor Lyon
Self,	Reginald Roberts
Vanity,	June Brown
Idleness,	Beatrice Brooks
Everyyouth,	Richard Holt
Public Trust,	Philip Carter
Fraud,	Fred Judkins
Goodwill,	Paul Chapman
Song,	Kitty Davis
Play,	Olive Bowdoin
Play's Companions,	Eunice Linnell,
	Doris Stevens, Eleanor Vetquoskey,
	Marguerite Cole, Ramona Morton, Gertrude Ripley, Elsie Spinney, Merline Littlefield, Kathryn Lowell, Arlene Goddard, Dorothy Parsons
Pilgrim,	Franklin Chapman
Amata,	Catherine Lyon
Ignorance,	Richard Stevens
Superstition,	Lucia Van Den Kerckhoven
Knowledge,	Frances King
Pleasure,	Verna Berry
Page,	Warren Bean
Master-cook,	Richard Green
Trumpeters,	
	James Barnett, Edward Poole
Huntsmen,	
	Custer Quimby, Wilson Bartlett

Prologue—

Scene I. The Well at the Crossroads,
On the Highway of Adventure.

Scene II. The Old Inn at the Portage.
The House of Experience.

Epilogue—

Time.—Before, Now, and Ever.

Music

Valedictory Address,	Katherine Carter
Awarding of Prizes	
Conferring of Diplomas,	
	Principal Frank E. Hanscom
	Singing Class Ode
	Benediction

Dr. Hanscom announced the award of the following prizes with appropriate words of praise for the recipients: Class of 1925 Scholarship Cup, won by Class of 1932, second place by Class of 1934; Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

Gold Medal for Excellence in Mathematics and Science, won by Mark E. Hamlin; Dr. Charlotte Hammond Poetry Prize of ten dollars to Mary Ann Tibbetts 1934; Election to National Honor Society, Katherine J. Carter, Mark E. Hamlin, Richard Holt, Frances King, and Catherine C. Lyon; the Morris Pratt prizes of fifty dollars, for character and devotion to duty, for the girls was divided equally between Katherine J. Carter and Catherine C. Lyon, for the boys it was awarded to C. Custer Quimby.

CLASS ROLL

James William Barnett, Wilson Bartlett, Warren Marshall Bean, Verna Sinclair Berry, Olive Dorothea Bowdoin, Beatrice Elinor Brooks, *June Brown, *Katherine Jewett Carter, Philip Lawson Carter, Paul S. Chapman, Franklin Sproat Chapman, Marguerite Celia Cole, Kitty Davis, Arlene Clara Goddard, Richard Albert Green, Paul Garey Grover, *Mark Edson Hamlin, Richard Sawin Holt, Fred Sanborn Judkins, *Frances Edith King, Eunice Merita Linnell, Merline Emily Littlefield, Kathryn Ella Lowell, *Catherine Carter Lyon, Eleanor Lyon, Ramona Ruth Morton, Dorothy Arline Parsons, Charles Edward Poole, Charles Custer Quimby, Gertrude Clide Ripley, Reginald Thomas Roberts, Marie Arvill Soul, Elsie Lillian Spinney, Doris Josephine Stevens, Richard Parker Stevens, Lucia Van Den Kerckhoven, Eleanor Vetquoskey, *Evelyn Frances Whitman. —*Honor Students.

The Annual Alumni Luncheon was held in the Marion True Gehring Students' Home. A recent picture of Mrs. Gehring graced the head of the table of the Class of 1932 as Patroness of the Twentieth Century Club and near it a vase of dark red roses from the Club.

The luncheon was followed by the business meeting of the Alumni Association, President Ernest Bisbee presiding. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and the following officers were elected: President, John H. Carter, Jr.; Vice-President, Mrs. Agnes Twaddle; Secretary, Leona Brown;

Treasurer, Carrie Wight; Executive Committee, Barbara Lyon, Margaret Herrick, Doris Lord, H. C. Rowe, Herbert Bean, and Betty Anderson. President Bisbee called for reports from the "five year" classes and the following responded: Carrie Wight 1902, Bessie Stiles 1907, Herbert Bean 1917, Alice Mundt 1922, Bertha Mundt 1927, and C. Custer Quimby 1932.

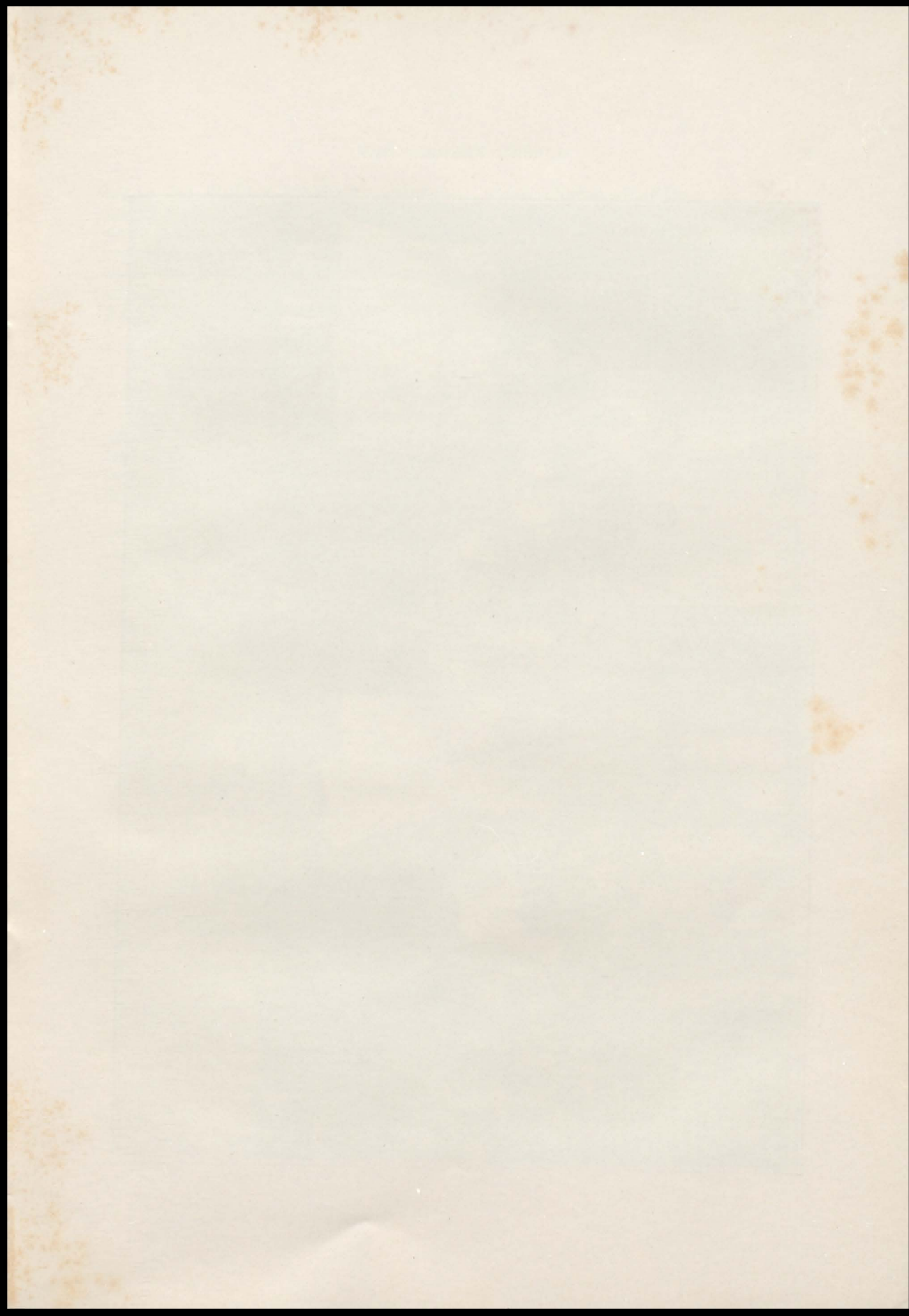
Dr. Hanscom responded in a forceful manner and compared the past and present, stressing the crowded conditions in the Academy building, which was built 51 years ago. He called attention to the fact that the steadily increasing number of day pupils is forcing a reduction in the number of boarding pupils which the school can accommodate. This condition seriously affects the proper administration of the Academy in providing a true educational service in keeping with the ideals of Gould Academy.

A telegram from Mr. Bingham and Dr. and Mrs. Gehring, conveying commencement day greetings and assurances of thoughtful interest in Gould Academy was read by Dr. Hanscom and the Secretary was instructed to telegraph return greetings of the Alumni Association.

Dr. Hanscom expressed the pleasure of the Alumni Association at the presence of Mrs. J. M. Philbrook of Bethel, the oldest living graduate of Gould Academy, and presented her with a large bouquet of roses. Mrs. Philbrook is now in her ninety-third year and attended the Academy 78 years ago. Her husband was an active trustee of Gould Academy for many years.

Prof. Brooks Quimby of Bates College was introduced as the guest speaker and he gave a very witty and interesting talk on "Persons and Personalities."

The reception was held in the even-





Class of 1936 - "Frosh"

ing in the William Bingham Gymnasium with music for the occasion by Kendall's Orchestra of Portland. In the receiving line were: Dr. and Mrs. Hanscom, Judge and Mrs. H. H. Hastings, representing the Board of Trustees, Miss Ella K. Litchfield, and Miss Nellie L. Whitman.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

We welcome seven new members to our class this year: Pauline Walker, Mabel Strout, Martha Brown, Stuart Lane, Lester Hale, Norman Hale and Richard Carter.

Our class officers are: President, Leslie Learned; Vice President, John Thorpe; Secretary and Treasurer, Clayson Glover.

Our Class is identified by the following movies:

Virginia Brown—Women Love Once.
Stuart Lane—Touchdown.
Pauline Brown—Polly of the Circus.
Lester Hale—The Gay Caballero.
Alteen Bemis—Good Bad Girl.
Leslie Learned—Radio Patrol.
Betty Holt—The Blonde Venus.
Albert Wheeler—Up Pops the Devil.
Esther Burris—Private Secretary.
Norman Hale—The Champ.
Wilma Hall—Tillie the Toiler.
Maurice Poole—A Successful Calamity.
Helena Vetquoskey—Pack Up Your Troubles.
Roger Maynard—Too Busy to Work.
Edith Kirk—Confessions of a Co-ed.
Bertha Cross—Sign of the Cross.
Betty Hunt—Movie Crazy.
Clayson Glover—Is My Face Red.
Dorothy Foster and Mabel Strout—Fast Companions.
Carl Hansman—The Miracle Man.
Rosalie Thurston—Society Girl.
Katherine Goldthwait—A Misleading Lady.

John Thorpe—Huddle.
Alfred Taylor—The Tenderfoot.
Barbara Heath—Smiling Through.
Morris Vail, George Wight, and Albert Wheeler—Three on a Match.
Polly Walker—Impatient Maiden.
Cyril McNally—Tarzan the Ape Man.
Martha Brown—Front Page.
Clifton Jackson—Stranger in Town.
Betty Goudy—Men in Her Life.
Richard Carter—Disorderly Conduct.
Margaret Dalzell—Miss Pinkerton.
Joseph Holt—Texas Bad Man.
Norris Brown—Tom Brown of Culver.
Sally Chapman — Behind Office Doors.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

The Junior class was sorry to lose several of the old members, but we sincerely welcome all the new ones. There were four new members this year, namely; Elva Linnell, Ruth and Ruby Hodsdon, and Arthur Hill.

A class meeting was held and the following officers were elected:

President—Richard Davis
Vice President—Shirley Cole
Secretary and Treasurer — Marguerite Brooks

WE WONDER IF:

Mary Tibbetts' constant studying keeps her thin.

Rosaline carries needle and thread to school.

"Pedro" prefers brown (Brown).

Ruby will ever be a berry (Berry).

"Eddie" Bennett will ever grow up.

WANTED:

A special typewriter for Mary Bean.
"Chape's" sober expression in English class.

To borrow Arthur Hill's smile for a while.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

Shirley had been a spark instead of

a coal (Cole).

Bud had been red instead of Brown.

"Dot" had been nearer instead of Farrar.

Dicky had been a sheriff instead of a Marshall.

Barbara Bennett so full of fun,
Always has her lessons done.

Lillian Fuller, the jolly gay lass,
Will be the champion typist of the Junior Class.

Dick Davis with his roadster green
Passes everything that is seen.

"Skippy" Brooks so quiet and shy,
She'll be a teacher by and by. (?)

"Geet" Hall 'tis the school pass
Is the primest girl in the Junior Class.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

CLASS OFFICERS

President—Henry Martinson

Vice-President—Charles Smith

Secretary and Treasurer—Beatrice Merrill

Our Sentiments

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

Miss Litchfield is my French teacher. I shall never pass. She maketh me to conjugate verbs and I exposeth my ignorance before the class. She causeth me to give rules for my own sake. Yea, though I study until midnight, no knowledge of this subject will I get, for it sorely troubles me. She prepareth a test before me in the presence of the whole school. She giveth me a low mark; my sorrow runneth over. Surely sadness and gloom will follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in Gould Academy forever.

THE ALPHABET

A is for Adams and Anderson.

B is for Bartlett(s), both girls,
For Bean(s), Brin(c)k(s), and
Brown(s)

Beck and Bennett of the curls.

C is for Chisholm, Chapman and Connor.

D is for Deegan and Daniels (performer).

E is for Edwards, Betty by name.

F is for French, but we're not to blame.

G is for Grover, two there are not.

H is for Hutchinson, Florence and Dot,
For Howe and Hamlin(s) also.

I is for "It," a mysterious thing.

J is for Judkins and Jodrey.

K is for Kirk (Bobby) and King.

L is for Lowe and her story.

M is for Martinson, Class President,
For MacMillan, Morton and Mundt,
For Merrill(s) and Morrill.

N is for none.

O for Olsen is meant.

P is for Parsons and Philbrook

Q and R seem to stand all alone.

S is for Smith, Soule and Sanborn(s).

T is for Thurston, Howard and Joe.

U and V we'll just tuck out of sight.

W is for Walker, Warren and Wight.

X, Y and Z are not needed.

"Not to be laughed at and scorned
because small of stature." C. S.

"Always laugh when you can it's
cheap medicine." C. C.

"Variety is the spice of life." D. D.

"Yes, I s'pect I'll grow." M. B.

"Blushing is the color of virtue."
R. J.

"Little boys should be seen and not
heard." R. K.

"United we stand, divided we fall."
B. S. and H. P.

"Ever ready (reddy)." B. B.

"As merry as the day is long." A. C.

"Nature made him what he is." H. O.

"Don't talk to me of women." F. P.

"Such a light and airy tread." A. M.

"Contented I live." F. A.

"And each particular hair stands on
end." R. H.

"Red as a rose is she." F. H.

"Let us be merry." S. M.

"Ever in motion." A. J.

"There's a good time coming." Examination Day.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

President—Henry Hastings
 Vice-President—Raymond Parlin
 Secretary and Treasurer—Phyllis Davis

There are forty-eight students in the Freshman Class. We have three sets of twins and a number of musicians.

Some things we notice about our Classmates:

Evelyn and Gladys Akers—The inseparable sisters.

Persis Adams—The Dancer.

Katie Bean—Yes, Katie did.

Marjorie Berry—Good Ideas in Mind.

Robert Browne—A Freshman Sheik.

Roberta Browne—Somebody's Sweet-heart.

Russell Burris—A Prince from West Bethel.

Lloyd Chapin—The Question Box.

Philip Chapman—Slow but sure.

Edgar Coolidge—Dotty's Hero.

Helen Daniels—Has an uncontrollable laugh.

Paul Daniels—Wise but growing wiser, perhaps.

Phyllis Davis—Our secretary.

Mildred Farrar—From East Bethel.

Ruth Frazier—Oh! What beautiful eyes.

George Gilbert—A quiet boy.

Verna Grover—Will she ever grow up?

Betty Harrington—A dependable lady.

Henry Hastings—Our President.

Evelyn Hunt—Sober as a judge(?)

Dorothy Irish—Noted for her form.

Kenneth Brooks—The long and—

Alfred Lovejoy—short of it.

Mildred Kimball—Frowning but gentle.

Marian King—Our class baby.

Sally King—A quiet onlooker.

Pauline LaRue—The Whistler.

Eleanor Learned—A shy little violet.

John Losier—Untamed.

Catherine Losier—Always smiling.

Christino Onofrio—Bright spot in Ancient History Class.

Kermit Parker—The woman hater.

Raymond Parlin—A breaker of hearts.

Ernest Perkins—"Professor."

Daniel Quimby—Freshman Flirt.

Betty Raynes—All knowing and seeing.

Rosalind Rowe—Our Musician.

Alice Tyler—One of the Freshman blondes.

Mildred Vail—A stylish young lady.

Eslyn Warren—A popular "little" girl.

Norrine Waterhouse—A demure child.

Norwood Waterhouse—Does he eat.

Esther and Chester Wheeler—The studious twins.

Arthur Whitman—The mighty hunter.

Maynard Young—A sound sleeper.

Richard Young—Our Personality Singer.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

The seven members of the Freshman Household Arts Class have made excellent progress with their sewing, which has included such articles as, under garments, blouses and aprons.

The Sophomore Class has added eight new members to its enrollment, namely: Edith Kirk, Phyllis Bartlett, Alteen Bemis, Eva Beck, Sylvia Merrill, Ruth Hodsdon, Elizabeth Bean, and Roma Warren. They have made: preserves, pickles, jellies, and a few miscellaneous hot dishes. Also, they have studied the different cuts of meat.

The eight girls in the Junior Class are now studying dress appreciation. They have made various styles of wool and silk dresses, and done some fancy

work. Following their present unit they will study Home Nursing and Interior Decorating.

There are nine members in the Senior Class. They have taken four weeks of training in managing and caring for the Cottage. All of the girls served, at some time, in each capacity, from cook to hostess.

Margaret Dalzell '33

PUBLIC SPEAKING

The usual number of declamations are being presented this year. Several excellent programs have been given by speakers from the upper classes. A group of these speakers will be selected to appear in a special program of Public Speaking to be given in the gymnasium during the winter term. From this group, speakers will be chosen to participate in the County and State contests.

A "Dramatic Workshop" class, comprised of Harlan Hutchins, Norris Brown, Clayson Glover, John Thorpe, Stanley Allen, Richard Davis, Leslie Learned, Carl Hansman, Sally Chapman, Rosalie Thurston, Polly Browne, Polly Walker, Wilma Hall, Betty Holt, and Mary Tibbetts, has been organized by Mr. Donald Kellogg, head of the Department of Dramatics.

A Public Speaking class is conducted every week for the freshmen. They are studying voice resonance, and the powers of clear and forceful expression. Later in the year they will present declamations and a one-act play before the entire assembly.

MANUAL TRAINING

This year fifty-seven students are enrolled in the Manual Training classes.

They include twenty freshmen, twenty-two sophomores, six juniors and nine seniors. The enrollment is the largest in this department for some years.

To accommodate the larger classes the Manual Training Department has each year been adding new equipment to meet the demands. New tools are purchased each year to replace old and broken tools, as well as to enlarge the stock. New machinery is being added at times as well. Within the last three years, the following have been installed: electric sanding machine, electric tool grinder, and two wood turning lathes. The lathes are being used for the first time this year and a great deal of interest is being shown in the work although the two lathes are insufficient to take care of the demands of a great number of boys.

The department again plans to have an exhibit as it did last year at the end of the winter term. The products exhibited should be more varied and interesting now that wood turning has been added to the course. It is hoped that the display of work will be even more largely attended this spring than in the past.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

At the beginning of the school year, a decided improvement was made in the Commercial Room, by moving the books upstairs and putting a glass partition between the old Book Room and the Commercial Room. The typewriters have been placed in the new room, enabling the class to use the typewriters while a recitation is being held in the adjoining room.

The commercial course is given primarily as a vocational course, in order

that the student may be better fitted for office or other work after graduating. The work is interesting and practical and offers many opportunities for advancement. Business men are asking for better trained workers and this course strives to meet their demands by improving the work done in our school.

The subjects taught in the commercial department are: Business Training, Penmanship, Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Shorthand, Arithmetic, and Office Practice.

Business Training leads to the development of business-like habits such as, importance of being systematic, prompt, neat and accurate, and capable of planning one's work ahead of time.

The first year of Typewriting is given to the mastery of the machine, and the cultivation of the hand through a large amount of exercise work. The second year is given to the mastery of business and legal papers found in business offices.

The first year of Shorthand applies to the association of definite phonetic sounds with the writing of a definite character or symbol. The object is to master these principles so thoroughly that they may be written rapidly and read easily. The second year deals with the development of dictation where the students writes with increasing speed all kinds of letters and subject matter until a speed of eighty to one hundred words a minute is attained. The fact that one is able to write speech as fast as spoken, makes the subject very interesting.

Bookkeeping acquaints the student with the use of the many business papers found in office work and the method of recording business transactions in the proper books. This subject covers two years.

Office Practice is designed to give

the actual business practice, to the student, in class, as well as secretary in the high school office. Office Practice may be supplemented by teachers, giving over to the Commercial Department any outside work which they wish prepared.

STUDENTS' HOME

The Student Council, an organization that governs the Students' Home, is made up of representatives from each class. The members for this year are: Dorothy Foster and Mabel Strout, Seniors; Ruth Hay and Barbara Bennett, Juniors; Chrystal Chisholm, Sophomore; and Marian King, Freshman.

HOLDEN HALL NOTES

Our "family" this year consists of fourteen members.

"Crusoe" Glover, expert deer hunter of Milan, rooms with Johnny Thorpe of Christmas Cove fame. The quiet of this room is occasionally broken by spirited debates on the question, "Prettier girls are to be found at the seashore than in the mountains."

Roger Maynard is back again from Moosehead Lake. Roger is always glad when Sunday morning comes around so that he can catch up on his lost sleep.

Stewart Lane and Charles Dwyer, our mailman, are bunking together this year. Stewart is a newcomer and he hails from Lincoln, Maine. He never misses a number at the dances or on the football field.

Arthur Hill is with us for his junior year. Can you see Arty's face when he smiles?

Albert Judkins, Fred's younger brother is here this year. It pays to be good friends with him if there any

Students' Home Statistics

NAME	NICKNAME	AMBITION	WEAKNESS	PET SAYING
Frances Adams	France	Doctor	Giggling	Don't make me laugh
Persis Adams	Pert	Social Lady	Talking	My Gracious
Evelyn Akers	Evelyn	Become Hawaiian	Disturbing Goudy and Walker	Did you hear it?
Gladys Akers	Gladys	Orchestra Leader	by plucking and strumming	What did you say?
Barbara Bennett	Barb	To raise cat-o-nine tails	Odorous room	Tish! Tish!
Alteen Bemis	Beane	Dancer	Fear of trains	Who said so?
Chrystel Chisholm	Chris	Nurse	Small roads or lanes	I guess you're squelched
Dorothy Foster	Dot	Politician	Roosevelt	I'm a Democrat
Elizabeth Goudy	Betty	Acrobat	Boats	And who are you?
Elizabeth Hunt	Betty	Tarzan	Hebron	What's it to ya?
Elizabeth Holt	Sister	School-marm	Bates	Oh Yeah?
Yvette Harrington	Betty	Dress-maker	Silence	You Would!
Ruth Hay	Ruth	Governor	Bobs	Rest will be up later
Dorothy Irish	Dotty	Radio Announcer	Noise	I guess so
Marian King	Marian	Sign Painter	Laughing	And do you know?
Elva Linnell	Elva	Physics Instructor	Breaking Dishes	Yes, but—
Helen Philbrook	Phil	Horse Trainer	Horses	What a way to run a railroad
Elizabeth Raynes	Betty	Artist	Snapshots	Do you like it?
Elizabeth Soule	Betty	Alabama	Letter writing	Gee, you ought to see!
Mabel Strout	Mabe	Dog Catcher	Sleeping	Who's got that carpet sweeper?
Catherine Stratton	Kay	S. P. C. A. Member	Reading	Who'd a thunk it?
Helena Vetquoskey	Vet	Hollywood	Movies	And what do you think?
Pauline Walker	Polly	Taxi Driver	Silliness	Why?

chairs or other war-like implements handy.

One often wonders what that funny noise is coming from Henry Martinson's room at regular periods each day. Speculations have varied from an ill calf to Tarzan gone wild.

Bob Walker has brought back Norwood Waterhouse with him from West Poland. Norwood's use of his faithful umbrella makes him a reliable weather man.

Mr. Bailey, Mr. Fossett, Mr. Myers, ers, and Mr. Kellogg constitute the faculty members of our dormitory. Mr. Kellogg is new to us this year. We hope lgg is new to us this year. We hope he likes Gould as well as we all like him.

GIRL RESERVES

The Girl Reserve Club this year has been started and we have the prospects of a very successful year.

The second Tuesday after school opened this fall, the Girl Reserves and all the women teachers of the school were invited on a hike and picnic supper. Two groups of girls started at four o'clock in different directions. At five thirty, these groups met at Paradise Hill. We had a corn and hot dog roast which tasted unusually good after our hike. After supper, the girls played games and then sang songs, closing with "Follow the Gleam." There were sixty-five girls present, our advisor, and four teachers.

At our next meeting which was two weeks later, the old members of The Girl Reserves gave a play for the benefit of the new girls planning to join the club. The name of this play was "Sally at the Y."

We sent four girls and our advisor

to Bangor to the State convention, which was held October 7, 8 and 9.

Tuesday evening, October 15, our annual recognition service was held. Sixty-three girls and twenty mothers and friends were present. Reports of Camp Maqua and the Convention were given by the delegates. Refreshments were served.

A Song Service will be held the next meeting to teach the girls the old songs. On November 22nd, a fashion show will be conducted by Miss Kellogg. A Thanksgiving service will be held November 29th. Plans are being made for a Girl Reserve play.

School opened Tuesday, September thirteenth. There were forty-eight Freshmen whose names appear as follows:

Persis E. Adams, E. Sumner, Maine.
 Evelyn G. Akers, Rumford, Maine.
 Gladys M. Akers, Rumford Maine.
 Winifred Bean, Bethel, Maine.
 Marjorie H. Berry, Bethel, Maine.
 Kenneth C. Brooks, Bethel, Maine.
 Robert Browne, Bethel, Maine.
 Roberta I. Browne, Bethel, Maine..
 Russell C. Burris, Bethel, Maine.
 Lloyd Chapin, Bethel, Maine.
 Philip S. Chapman, Jr., Bethel, Maine.
 Edgar Coolidge, Bethel, Maine.
 Helen S. Daniels, Gilead, Maine.
 Paul B. Daniels, Gilead, Maine.
 Phyllis Davis, Bethel, Maine.
 Mildred Farrar, Bethel, Maine.
 Ruth L. Frazier, Bethel, Maine.
 George Gilbert, Bethel, Maine.
 Verna G. Grover, Bethel, Maine.
 Yvette Harrington, So. Sudbury, Mass.
 Henry H. Hastings, Jr., Bethel, Maine.
 Evelyn Hunt, Bethel, Maine.
 Dorothy Irish, So. Windham, Maine.
 Marian King, Bethel, Maine.
 Sally King, Hanover, Maine.
 Pauline LaRue, Bethel, Maine.
 Eleanor Learned, Newry, Maine.
 Catherine Losier, Gilead, Maine.
 John J. Losier, Gilead, Maine.
 Alfred Lovejoy, Bethel, Maine.
 Alice R. May, Gilead, Maine.

Christino Onofrio, Bethel, Maine.
 Kermit Parker, Bethel, Maine.
 Raymond E. Parlin, Bethel, Maine.
 Ernest H. Perkins, Bethel, Maine.
 Daniel R. Quimby, Bethel, Maine.
 Elizabeth Raynes, Bangor, Maine.
 Rosalind Rowe, Bethel, Maine.
 Mildred L. Vail, Bethel, Maine.
 Eslyn Warren, Bethel, Maine.
 Norrine Waterhouse, Poland, Maine.
 Norwood Waterhouse, Poland, Maine.
 Chester C. Wheeler, Bethel, Maine.
 Esther I. Wheeler, Bethel, Maine.
 Arthur L. Whitman, Bethel, Maine.
 Maynard H. Young, Bethel, Maine.
 Richard Young, Bethel, Maine.

The annual Freshman Reception was held in the William Bingham Gymnasium Thursday evening, October 6, under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Club. The gym was very beautifully decorated with maple leaves, making a typical fall setting. The boys of the Senior Class served as ushers. Those in the receiving line were Principal and Mrs. Frank E. Hanseom, Dr. and Mrs. Raymond R. Tibbetts, Miss Ella K. Litchfield, and Leslie Learned, president of the Senior Class.

The following program was presented: vocal duet, "By the Watermelon Vine," Wilma and Marguerite Hall; costume monologue, "Preparedness," Leslie Learned; recitation, "In a Day Coach," Polly Browne; recitation with piano accompaniment, "The Usual Way," Harlan Hutchins; recitation, "A Hurried Call," Mary Tibbetts.

This was followed by a dance. The Reception Committee consisted of Polly Browne, chairman, Elizabeth Hunt, Clayson Glover, Carl Hansman and Leslie Learned.

The Twentieth Century Club sponsored a Hallowe'en Party in Wm. Bingham Gymnasium featuring the presentation

of the one act comedy, "The Monkey's Paw." Games, dancing and prize novelties were on the program. Refreshments of doughnuts and sweet cider were on sale. The senior class committee consisted of: Chairman, Carl Hansman, Polly Browne, Rosalie Thurston, Clayson Glover, John Thorpe, Betty Hunt, Polly Walker, Stuart Lane, Clifton Jackson, and Leslie Learned.

Cast of Characters for the one act play, "The Monkey's Paw":

Mr. White,	Stanley Allen
Mrs. White,	Pauline Walker
Herbert,	Leslie Learned
Sergeant-Major Morris,	Richard Davis
Mr. Sampson,	John Thorpe

Scene I. The living room of an old-fashioned cottage on the outskirts of Fulham, England. Time, about 8 o'clock in the evening.

Scene II. Time, the following morning.

Scene III. Time, ten days later, at night.

The play was under the direction of Mr. Donald Kellogg, head of the department of dramatics, and was produced by special arrangements with Samuel French of New York City.

ALUMNI NOTES

Olive Bowdoin and Richard Greene are attending Bates College; Katherine Carter, Tufts College; Philip Carter, Worcester Academy; Paul Chapman and Laurence Bartlett '31 Gorham Normal School; Franklyn Chapman, Kitty Davis and Frances King, University of Maine; Arlene Goddard, Burdett College; Mark Hamlin, Bowdoin College; Doris Stevens, Damon Hall; Lucia Van, Southern College.

Reginald Roberts and Wilson Bartlett, both '32, have taken examinations for the Navy.

Verna Berry '32 is employed in Newton, Mass.

Dorothy Parsons '32 is employed in the home of Mrs. M. R. Hastings, Bethel.

Evelyn Whitman is employed in the home of Charles Robertson, Newry.

Gertrude French '30 and Ann Fernald '31 are attending Nasson Institute, Springvale, Maine.

John Adams '28 is teaching Chemistry at Mattanawcook Academy, Lincoln, Maine.

Leona Brown '30 and Henry Flint were married at Bethel, July tenth.

Electa Chapin '25 is attending Farmington Normal School.

Iva Bartlett '29 is teaching at West Bethel.

Beulah Burris '30 is teaching at Northwest Bethel.

Ardell Hineckley '31 is working in Florida.

Donald Heald '31 is attending M. C. I.

Dorothy Edwards '29 was married, June eighth to Linwood Dingley of Portland.

Geraldine Goudy ex '32 graduated from Mount Ida in June and is now training at the Saint Barnabas Hospital in Portland.

Genie Saunders '24 was married, June fifteenth, to Whitney Daly of Methuen, Mass.

Lenise Cummings '28 was married to Dwight Brown, August twentieth.

Bertha Mundt '27 is employed in the Citizen office.

Fay Sanborn '26 is employed at Houghton and Dutton's in Boston.

Thelma Bennett '26 was graduated from Forsythe Dental School this year.

Ellen Cottrell is completing her course at Westminster College, New Wilmington, Penn., and is also Assistant Director of Dramatics.

Mona Martyn '12 was married to Lee Wentzell, June eighteenth.

Howard Brooks '30 and Elton Glover '29 are on the Cross Country team at the University of New Hampshire, the latter finished seventh in the New England Meet this fall.

Maxine Clough '28 is teaching in the Bethel Primary School.

The engagement of Roy Davis '23 to Dorothy Packard of Rumford has been announced.

Christine Farwell '27 was married to Edwin Guptill, September twenty-first, at Salem, Mass.

Charles Haselton '26 was married to Louise Barbour of Stonington, Maine, June nineteenth.

Albert Sumner '25 and Margaret Leighton ex '35 were married September eighteenth.

Theodore Eames '30 is attending Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Roy Cummings '17 was married August third to Ida Buck of Danforth, Maine.

Allen French '27 is working in Lancaster, N. H.

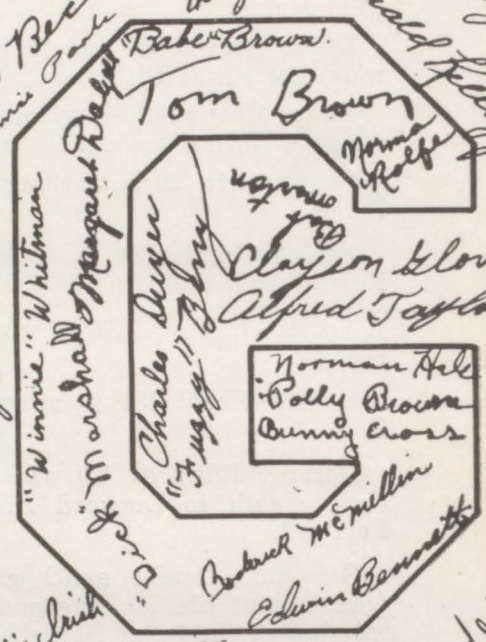
Friends of Elsie Spinney '32 will be glad to know that she underwent an operation during the summer and her hearing is much improved.

Wallace Saunders '27 graduated in June from Gorham Normal School.

Francena Wilbur '31 is employed in Lewiston.

Esther Caldwell '28 is employed in Norway.

Maynard Young Russell
 Bailey Kenneth
 Chris Oropio
 George Wight
 Georgea Judkins
 Alfred Loring
 Alice 2 year boy
 Richard Davis
 Helen Daniels
 Helen Warren
 Jeanette Sanborn
 Richard Carter
 Bessie Bartlett
 Clifton Jackson
 Ruby Hodsdon
 Eleanor Thompson
 Carl Hansman
 Ruth Ambrose
 Arthur Whitman
 Mary Ann Beck
 Tom Brown
 Charles Dwyer
 "Fugg" Dwyer
 Norman Hale
 Polly Brown
 Bunny Cross
 Robert McMillin
 Edwin Bennett
 Marion King
 Kate Goldthwait
 Marine Waterhouse
 Stanley Carter
 George Miller
 Fredrick Macmillan
 Floyd Thurston
 Lucy Kellogg
 Dottie Clark
 Marian King
 Helen Anders
 Davis Farnsworth
 Grace Lane
 Ruby Godfrey
 Helen Anders
 Davis Farnsworth
 Maynard Young Russell
 Bailey Kenneth
 Chris Oropio
 George Wight
 Georgea Judkins
 Alfred Loring
 Alice 2 year boy
 Richard Davis
 Helen Daniels
 Helen Warren
 Jeanette Sanborn
 Richard Carter
 Bessie Bartlett
 Clifton Jackson
 Ruby Hodsdon
 Eleanor Thompson
 Carl Hansman
 Ruth Ambrose
 Arthur Whitman
 Mary Ann Beck
 Tom Brown
 Charles Dwyer
 "Fugg" Dwyer
 Norman Hale
 Polly Brown
 Bunny Cross
 Robert McMillin
 Edwin Bennett
 Marion King
 Kate Goldthwait
 Marine Waterhouse
 Stanley Carter
 George Miller
 Fredrick Macmillan
 Floyd Thurston
 Lucy Kellogg
 Dottie Clark
 Marian King
 Helen Anders
 Davis Farnsworth
 Grace Lane
 Ruby Godfrey
 Helen Anders
 Davis Farnsworth



turned
Shers.
J. F. Hanscom

Miss
Monds Nail

Miss
Wolman

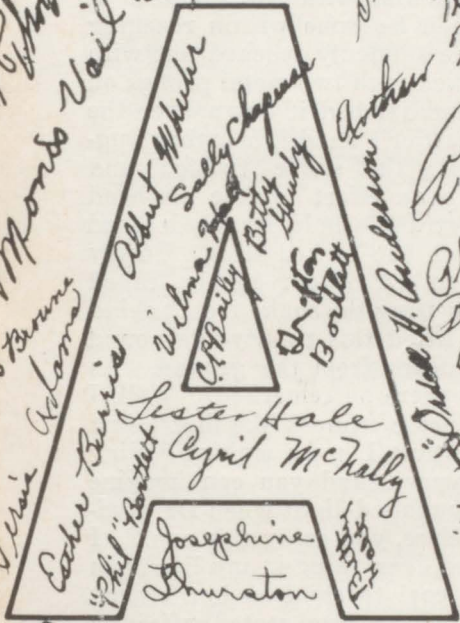
Miss
Raynes

Forwood Waterhouse

Mr. Street
Betty Hunt
Stanley Brown
Frank Parsons
Edwin Parsons
Daniel Quimley
Joseph Brown
Ernestine
"Red" Hall
Pauline Lake
Marilyn Bunk
Marilyn Mundt
Mary Ann Siroetto
Mary Beane
Verna Grover
H. Hanscom

Shirley Cook
Katherine Hill
Robert King
Chil Bennett
Arthur Blackson
Ruth Hay
"Boots" Heath
Lib Bean
Lois Bartlett
Rodney Howe
Ella K. Little
Melvyn Foster
Molly Sanborn
Babe Edwards
PAT HATCH

Maryine Berry
Marilyn Mundt
Mary Ann Siroetto
Mary Beane
Verna Grover
H. Hanscom
Melvyn Foster
Molly Sanborn
Babe Edwards
PAT HATCH



Arthur Blackson
Ruth Hay
"Boots" Heath
Lib Bean
Lois Bartlett
Rodney Howe
Ella K. Little
Melvyn Foster
Molly Sanborn
Babe Edwards
PAT HATCH

Marilyn Mundt
Mary Ann Siroetto
Mary Beane
Verna Grover
H. Hanscom
Melvyn Foster
Molly Sanborn
Babe Edwards
PAT HATCH

Miss
Raynes

Forwood Waterhouse

Lloyd Chapin
E. F. Hanscom
Paul Daniels
Ray Parlin
Rohy Rowe
P. F. Crane

Melvyn Foster
Molly Sanborn
Babe Edwards
PAT HATCH

Forwood Waterhouse

Forwood Waterhouse

Ernest Perkins

Ernest Perkins

Ernest Perkins

Ernest Perkins



A SNAKE HUNT

Dr. Ryder, an old acquaintance of my father's, was in charge of the Florida State Antitoxin Research Laboratory. His chief duty was, as an expert on venomous snakes, capturing these dangerous reptiles alive in order to prepare antitoxin for the treatment of people bitten by snakes. It happened while we, Fred, Tom, and I, were visiting Dr. Ryder that he suggested the idea of taking us on one of his snake hunts into the Dismal Swamp.

My comrades and I had most of the equipment necessary for such a hunt, that is, high leather boots, thick leath-gloves, and some briar-proof knee breeches. There were two things that we didn't have though, Dr. Ryder supplied us with hose; namely, some flexible steel anklets, because snakes nearly always have a tendency to strike at the leg about the height of the ankle, and some strong tooth-proof fibre carrying cases in which to bring the deadly creatures home.

We started early one morning in September for the Chapoosue Highlands, a sort of level plateau surrounding the Dismal Swamp region of Northern Florida. When we had been walking for about half an hour, Dr. Ryder suddenly seized my arm and made a sound which caused the others to stop, then he pointed straight ahead in our path. There lay about a four-foot rattler, coiled and apparently asleep. Fortunately

snakes sleep very heavily. Dr. Ryder approached him with the greatest of care. When he came within reaching distance he suddenly reached out with his long stick with two metal prongs on the end and jammed it down over the sleeping rattler's head. Then the struggle ensued; the snake twisted and strained in an effort to free his head from the strangle hold Dr. Ryder had on him with the forked stick. To my astonishment Dr. Ryder calmly leaned over, and seizing the snake from behind the head, lifted this twenty-five pound chunk of death from the ground. As he held it there he remarked, "Well, I hope our luck continues like this." Just about that time, I had a sinking feeling in my stomach, and you can imagine my questionable delight when Dr. Ryder said, "Here, you carry this one." I had carried everything in my life from a sack of coal to children but I must admit I had no deep-seated affection for the rattler and I am quite sure that he was not particularly enamoured of me, if one could judge by the expression in his eyes. Finally he was carefully stowed away in the fibre carrying case on my back. Of course he couldn't bite me but I would have been just as well pleased if that carrying case had been at the end of a long pole.

Dr. Ryder made three more fine catches that day, but fortunately I didn't have to play nursemaid to another six-foot rattler and a three foot Water Moccasin, one of America's most dead-

ly snakes. Dr. Ryder was afraid that if he put them all in my carrying case that one would kill the other, a little habit that I was very glad they had.

I must admit that I share the sentiments of the cowboy who saw a rattler in his hole and said, "That hole's his'n."
Leslie Learned '33

THE NOTE AND THE WHISPER

With apologies to Longfellow

I threw a note across the aisle,
It fell to the floor, I could not smile;
But so swiftly it went from sight
The teacher missed it in its flight.

I breathed a whisper into the air,
It went out front, I knew not where;
For only a teacher keen and strong,
Can follow the flight of a whisper along.

Long, long afterward, on my report
I found the result of the note I wrote;
And the whisper which I sent aloof,
Brought to me a sharp reproof.

Margaret Hamlin '35

UNCLE SAM'S POST MARKS

Tucked away in an obscure corner of Virginia on a little peninsula between the Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers, is an industry whose out-put reaches every nook and corner of the world—at least every part of the world that receives mail from the United States.

On this northern neck of Virginia, is an old-fashioned wooden building in which are made all the steel dies and stamping devices that are used in post-marking the United States mail and cancelling stamps.

The building, erected in 1874 by Benjamin Chambers, is unpainted and weatherbeaten. It is fifty miles from a railway. Nearly all communication with the outside world is by water as the roads are rough and narrow in this part of Virginia. An oil-burning engine operates the machines and gener-

ates power for electric lights. All the machinery, the dies, the type used in the stamps and even the wooden handles for the stamping devices are made in this plant. Stamps for such messages as "Missent to Bethel, Maine," "Return to Lockes Mills, Maine," "Register or insure valuable mail," and others to the number of seventy items, are turned out in this modest factory.

The die patents, registered in 1851, have long since expired, but no other company has ever been successful in making a bid for this business of Uncle Sam's.
Mary Ann Tibbetts '34

JOAN'S CHRISTMAS CAPTURE

Joan was just coming from school. She was thinking of the good time that her friends were going to have that Christmas vacation. They were all going to different friends but she had to stay for Christmas with her aunt, with whom she was living, while going to school. There would be nothing to do as all her friends were going to be away.

When she arrived at her aunt's that night, her friend, Marie, was waiting for her. She was all excited and was talking very fast. When Joan got her to talk a little more slowly she found out that there had been a bank robbery in town and the robbers had escaped with a large amount of money. There were no clues except that one of the bank employes had noticed that one of the two robbers had only three fingers on his left hand, the forefinger being missing.

"You can't imagine what has happened to me," said Marie, after she had finished telling about the robbery. "I was planning to go to that costume party out at Jackie's but the folks want me to go to the point with them and I

guess that I will have to go. You're going to the party, aren't you?"

"No," Joan replied. "I haven't any costume to wear."

"Then you can take the costume that I would have worn if I had gone. It is the costume of a Christmas Sprite. You will look good in it, too. I will send it over by Bob. He is going to stay out at the camp with a couple of other boys. They say that they are going to catch the bank robbers this vacation. You know there is a reward for them. I must run along home now. I hope you have a good time at the party."

"I guess that I will. I hope that you have a good time with your folks, too. Good bye."

Joan expected Bob every day with the costume, but every day went by with no Bob. But the night before the party he brought it to her. He told her about the fellows that were going to catch the robbers. She laughed at him, but he told her that they would get the last laugh when they caught the robbers. He told her just what he would do if he should be the one to find them.

After Bob had gone, Joan opened the box to look at the costume. There lay a policeman's costume. Bob hadn't opened the boxes to find out which was his and which was the one that he was supposed to take to Joan.

"I guest that I'll wear it," Joan told her aunt. "Maybe next time he won't be so careless. And if I know Bob he won't open his box until just before the party and then it will be too late to bring it back and get this one. There is even a false mustache and a gun. And with my boyish-bob I won't need the wig that is here."

That night when she set out her aunt told her that she hated to have her go off alone. She asked her to take their

police dog, Captain, along.

"A police man and a police dog," said Joan. "Not a bad combination at all. I'll take him, so don't worry about me. I'll be all right. You forget my tin pistol!"

She had asked Bob the way to the place where Jackie was to have her party and he had told her to go through the town and turn to the left at the old windmill. She followed these directions until she came to the old mill. There she seemed to think that she should turn to the right instead of the left, but she had only been out to Jackie's once before and she knew that Bob ought to know the way there, so she swung off to the left. It was pitch dark that night. Not a star was out.

"Gee," Joan said to the dog. "I'm glad that Aunt Janice suggested taking you along. I wouldn't be out alone tonight for anything. I'm glad that I took the car instead of walking as I had planned first. We must be pretty near the house. I would have said we had gone by it but we haven't seen a house since we passed the old mill. I guess that it is up ahead. I wonder why all the lights are out. It looks more like a Hallowe'en party than a Christmas party. Well, guess we might as well go in. Let's surprise them."

Everything was quiet as she opened the door. She went quietly along the hallway with Captain padding along softly at her heels. As she reached the door at the end of the hall she listened for a few moments, but there was not a sound. She threw open the door and flourished her tin revolver.

"Hands up. This house is surrounded," she snapped.

To her amazement there arose from the floor two men who had been bending over a suitcase in the middle of the floor. One was near the oil lamp that stood on the table. She looked at him

the second time and noticed that the forefinger on his left hand was missing. The bank robbers! What was she to do? She noticed an open closet door behind them.

"Back into that closet and be quick about it," she told the men.

They obeyed her and she locked the door and then, speaking to Captain, who had been near the door growling at the men, she ran to the door. There was another car coming down the road. What if they were men coming here to meet these men she had just locked in the closet? But she saw someone in a costume that glistened jump out of the car and then she recognized Bob in the Christmas Sprite costume.

"Is that you, Joan?" he asked. "Sorry that I told you the wrong road. You should have turned right back there at the mill instead of left. Say, you know that we got word this morning that those bank robbers were hiding out in one of the cottages along the lake. We are going through all of them tonight to see if we can find them. But come on, let's get back to the party."

"All right," replied Joan, "but I don't think you will find the robbers in any of the cottages along the lake. In fact, I've got them locked in a closet here right now."

At first Bob wouldn't believe her, but he took one look at the suitcase of bank notes in the middle of the floor and then went back to town as fast as he could to get the police.

About a week later, there was a big party given by Aunt Janice in honor of Joan's catching the robbers. Everyone was having a wonderful time. But Joan was teasing Bob by telling him it was too bad that he didn't have a chance to do what he planned to do when he caught the robbers.

Sally Chapman '33

RUTH'S FIRST RIDE ON A DONKEY

Oh! What a donkey, and what ears!

Betty was a mouse-colored, brown-eyed donkey who was never known to hurry. She had a most remarkable temper; no matter how much you punished her for going too slow, she never kicked or bit, but often did that very thing again. She also had the most beautiful voice you ever heard. It sounded like the "happy medium" between the town fire alarm and the roar of an angry bull.

Ruth, who was a twelve-year-old girl from the city had come to visit her grandfather on his large farm in Maine. The first one she was introduced to was Betty. It was a case of "love at first sight." Ruth was so eager to ride her, that she could hardly contain herself.

After dinner when the hired men had gone into the fields, Betty was brought around to the stable with a saddle and bridle on.

Little Ruth was lifted into the saddle and told to drive Betty but Betty had decided not to move just then. She was pulled and pushed, patted and whipped but nothing could make her move.

Just then she heard a terrible roar behind her, and turning, so as to nearly unseat Ruth, she saw to her horror that a Jersey cow, having escaped from the barn and feeling playful, was coming toward her with head lowered and heels in the air.

Betty didn't wait to let any passengers off or on. For once in her life, she ran! She ran with the cow in full pursuit. Fortunately for our heroine, Betty headed for a field of clover. The pursuing cow finding the tender green clover, abandoned the chase, and immediately began to feed upon the clover.

Betty, overjoyed to see the cow occupied otherwise, emitted a loud "Hee-Haw" as much as to say, "You cannot catch me." Helen Anderson '35

THE BABY

The moment I stepped into the room, I knew the baby was missing. The baby had been left in our care for a week, while Mother was visiting Father at the hospital. The baby's name was Maude, but we called her Midget.

She was as full of mischief as she could be; crept all around the house, throwing things out of doors or into the fire; thrust her hands behind her and screeched like a hyena if anyone approached to interfere with her operations, and slept about fifteen minutes twice a day.

I had left her asleep. She must have been asleep, for she didn't wink; and when the little deceiver was hoaxing me, she always winked desperately. I had been gone about seven minutes as nearly as I could judge.

The baby was missing! There was the imprint of her little head on the pillow and her little blue hints of shoes where she had kicked them off in play.

I searched and called her name furiously, madly, but without avail. She might have been sitting in a corner, sticking postage stamps all over her chubby little arms but the stamps were safe in the desk. I looked under bureaus and sofas, in closets, shook the paper basket and searched all the rooms—but no "Midget."

Belle sat upstairs, braiding her hair. This trying sister of mine leisurely offered me much useless advice until she saw I was really disturbed, then she became frightened too.

Her actions were peculiar and cha-

raacteristic. She shook the door-mat, jerked the pump-handle, examined the bread-tray and the flour-barrel. Then her eyes fell upon the sink drain.

"She couldn't have gotten in there, now, could she?" questioned Belle with terror in her eyes.

"Of course not! through a four-inch spout! and put the strainer in after her!" And Belle does not know to this day that, not five minutes before she came down, I was frantically working the broom-handle down that very spout with all my might and main.

Out of doors, we looked and finally returned disconsolate to the kitchen. So, as we sat with our arms about each other, crying, we heard a very slight rattling in the direction of the kitchen stove. We glanced around and when we heard it again, simultaneously rushed for the stove.

There she sat bolt upright in the cold oven, treating herself to the contents of a blackberry pie that had been left in from the morning baking. She had taken off the upper crust whole, spreading it out upon her bosom like a napkin, and was now employed in picking out the blackberries and conveying them to her mouth one by one. She looked up at us and Oh such a face! cunning, fright, and blackberry juice. Then she smiled—

We caught her out and, scolding her all the while, kissed her comparatively clean. Then we carried her to the sink, and pumped water upon her without the slightest fear of washing her down the spout. As soon as the little lady recovered her breath, she screamed furiously, pointing to the oven with decided demonstrations of a plan to return immediately.

Belle begged to put her back and let her finish the pie but I settled the question by kindling a huge fire in the stove. Beatrice Merrill '35

LOST IN AN ORIENTAL TAXI

As we neared the merchant strewn dock of Foochow, we began to feel some relief from the voyage up the Formosa Strait. Since the trip had been an especially stormy one, not a few of us had been a bit seasick. The whole quota of passengers landed with us from the little half-pint steamer on to the dock that quite surpassed any Indian Bazaar.

Rickshaw men crowded around us the way taxi drivers do in New York. Merchants for brassware, fruit, pottery, vegetables, fish, and a great many other things surged near us, trying to attract our attention by the use of their leather lungs. Beggars with that repulsive and dreaded disease, leprosy, stood off in the distance begging for alms.

We pushed our way through the crowd until we came to the rickshaw stand. My father assigned five coolies to take us to the mission. The coolie that pulled my rickshaw, number 593, did not know there was such a place, so rickshaw number 593 was ordered to be rear guard for the little cavalcade that started at a run up "Main Street." For a while I watched the people, hens, dogs and occasionally a pig, dodge between our stately vehicles.

One man, with a gigantic tray of peanuts on either hand, while crossing the street, bumped into my rickshaw, thereby proving that no two objects can occupy the same place at the same time. He was very much disturbed because the surrounding populace attacked these peanuts with such an appetite that he soon decided that he was a ruined man. Of course we had to stop because it was impossible to climb through that peanut-hungry crowd.

As soon as the excitement had died down, I urged the coolie of number

593 to hasten after the rickshaws that I could still see up at the farthest end of the street.

On the floor of my rickshaw, there was a little button, which, when stepped on rather vigorously gave forth a musical note reminding one of a doorbell. This bell, so my father informed me, was for the double purpose of warning pedestrians ahead and at the same time for speeding the coolie to his fastest run or trot, much like the accelerator on an automobile. I had been warned against ringing this bell except when my father bade me do so as a great privilege. Here, however, was an emergency. As there are no speed limits or "keep to the right" signs in Foochow, I stepped on the poor innocent button with all my might. The bell rang loud and long, my coolie ran faster, pedestrians scurried to right and left. Suddenly another caravan swept out of a side street and swallowed up the rest of the rickshaws containing other members of the Parlin family. Upon catching up with them I discovered to my surprise and most profound horror that none of them contained anyone that I knew. I slid back in my seat in dismay. There was not a single white person in sight.

I was in a daze, when, suddenly, I noticed up a side street, a scene that was familiar to me. It was a long, low, picketed iron fence covered with vines set in front of a row of low palm trees with views of the old mission house between.

"Up this way," I shouted. The tired coolie stopped short in surprise and I clambered out to meet a very disturbed and anxious parent.

Raymond Parlin '36

MUSIC

I heard some fairy music yesterday
As it came floating from the distant hill

Now near and now from very far away
 The echo rose, and then the world was still.
 I seemed to see them sitting there
 Safe, hidden by the gray of rock and tree.
 I seemed to hear them making music where
 The music of the leaves floats out to sea.
 The music floated from the sea to land
 By grasses bathed in sunshine's golden light
 As if the grasses were some magic hand
 That waved, until the passing stream grew
 bright.

I only heard the music once, and now,
 I wish I knew from whence it came, and
 how.
 Mary Ann Tibbetts '34

LET'S GO CRAZY!

To the students of Goofy Asylum:
 Dear Inmates:

This is the Cuckoo Hour, broadcast for your annoyance, twice a year over the Green Cheese Network by courtesy of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Idiot Canaries. The Network motto is: "Our Cheese is Unapproachable." This program comes to you from Greenland, via Australia, Siam, and New Jersey.

The latest news items of interest to the Worthy Inmates of Goofy Asylum is the recent football game between G. A. and the Ladies' Club. Mrs. Honora K. Pennyfeather of the Club distinguished herself by making sixteen baskets with five black eyes, seven runs, and no error. (The Inmates got the black eyes, not Mrs. Pennyfeather.) On the kick-off she ramped down the field with the ball, hurdled the goal post, and made a three-point landing on the other side, scoring the first touchdown ever to be made by this method. The three-point landing, for all those who are interested to know, was made on her nose, her left ear, and her elbow. The next event of interest took place when she, standing by her own goal post holding the ball, cried, "Hurrah! Girls! we're headed for the bushes!" (meaning the hedge behind her oppo-

nent's goal, of course), leapt into her new Ford eight roadster, which is equipped with pink wheels and yellow mudguards so as to give the allusion of Sunrise to the people she runs into, (not stars, as might be supposed,) dashed down the field at breakneck speed, hurdled two brick walls, bumped into a large telephone post, and brought her car to a gentle stop behind her opponents' goal post, thus scoring another rundown.

During the rest period at the half, cheese salad with pink lemonade and cider was served the players to refresh them for the coming onslaught. The last half of the game was also very exciting. The score remained tied for a long time, and the crowd became speechless cheering. Since the score stood the same you may well wonder what they were cheering about—we don't know either, they didn't tell us.

On the Asylum team, Benjy Axelrod was undoubtedly the star performer. He succeeded in scoring several bases—excuse me, I mean baskets—no! bulls eyes, of course by distracting the redoubtable Mrs. Featherhead's attention by reciting this charming verse:

Benjy saw a bear;
 The bear saw Benjy!
 The bear was bulgy—
 The bulge was Benjy.

The ladies, however, won the game, after which they uprooted the goal posts in the customary collegiate style.

After the game the S. P. C. A. held a potato race in what remained of the stadium after the ladies were through, the proceeds of which (the race, not the stadium,) were used to buy mittens for undernourished kangaroos.

We are sorry to say we must bring this program to a close, as the studio caught fire about half an hour ago, and the flames are at present consuming the microphone. This is Egglebert Bushwatter announcing. We hope that

you have enjoyed our impossible program, and will all listen in again to our descriptive broadcast of unimportant events next season. Toodle-oo!

Carl Hansman '33

MY HOME

Around the house the elm trees grow,
Their graceful columns in a row;
The birds nest in the boughs above,

And softly sing their tales of love.

A little brook runs 'round the hill,
Its crystal waters never still.
With flowers the meadows all are gay;
The bees are busy every day.

Though the house is old it still is dear;
The fondest memories linger here.
The sun shines brightest every dawn
On that dear house where I was born.

Jeanette Sanborn '35



FOOTBALL TEAM HAS SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Gould Academy, after a very brief season of games with second teams in 1931, began its first official season this fall with much enthusiasm but not an overly amount of material. However, a number of men showed signs of ability and developed rapidly until the representatives of the "Blue and Gold" became a rather powerful team.

The men who gained regular positions on the eleven were Daniels and Mundt at the ends, Davis and Glover tackles, Thurston, Thorpe, and McNally guards, Dwyer center, and in the backfield were Martinson, Paul Browne, Norris Brown, Lane, and Bartlett. Others who saw a good deal of service were G. Wight and N. Hale at end, L. Hale, tackle, Richard Carter guard and Bob Browne quarterback.

From the win and loss standpoint Gould hung up an enviable record,

winning four games tying one and losing one. The only game lost was to a strong So. Paris team and had not Gould been seriously handicapped by the loss of three regular players and two crippled players the score may have been somewhat different.

The games in the order in which they were played and a short summary of each follows:

Gould 13—Winthrop 0

With the Gould backfield consisting of Martinson, P. Browne, Lane, and N. Brown, hitting up a fast pace the Academy eleven easily defeated Winthrop High School 13-0 on the local field. Mundt and Glover starred on the defense. Numerous penalties kept Gould from scoring on two other occasions.

Score by periods: Gould 6 7 0 0—13
Winthrop 0 0 0 0—0

Gould 37—Mechanic Falls 0

In the second game of the season Gould won an easy victory over Me-

chanic Falls High School by the score 37-0. Without the services of Bud Browne who injured an ankle in practice, the backfield had little difficulty in carrying the ball for long gains. Traf-ton Bartlett scored three touchdowns and made many long gains on end runs. Lane, Martinson, and N. Brown all played well in the backfield. The Mechanic Falls attack was too weak to test the Gould line, however. Glover continued to do yeoman like work.

Score by periods: Gould 6 13 6 12—37
Mc Falls 0 0 0 0—0

Gould 35—Mechanic Falls 0

Playing its first game away from home Gould registered its third straight shut-out. Lane was outstanding for Gould making four touchdowns. Norris Brown played his usual spectacular plunging game while Bob Browne, a Freshman, performed as though he intended to do something in the future for the "Blue and Gold." Dwyer, Glover, and Mundt performed best in the line for Gould.

Score by periods: Gould 10 6 13 6—35
Mc Falls 0 0 0 0—0

Gould 0—Wilton 0

Going into the game an underdog, Gould Academy surprised a strong Wilton Academy eleven by holding them to a scoreless tie. A fumble in the second period with the ball on the eight yard line saved the day for Wilton. It looked as though Gould was almost certain to score after a fine march down the field only to lose the ball. Lane and N. Brown were the outstanding ball carriers in this game, while Dwyer was the big shot in the line with Floyd Thurston also doing well. In the final quarter N. Brown dislocated his shoulder and had to be taken from the game. His injury was such that he could not be used for the remainder of the sea-

son.

Gould 6—So. Paris 37

Gould Academy with a badly patched up team went down to its first defeat at the hands of So. Paris. Norris Brown was greatly missed in the full-back position. Doug Daniels and Traf Bartlett were not in the lineup while Bud Browne and Gyp Glover were much crippled. However, So. Paris had a fine team with a great scoring punch. Brown, the So. Paris quarterback, was the star of the game. He is the best punter the Paris team has ever had.

Score by periods: Gould 0 0 6 0—6
So. Paris 12 7 6 12—37

Gould 13—Bridgton 6

Gould Academy completed its season's play in flashing style by downing a rugged Bridgton High team 13-6. The winners were in fighting fettle, blocking and tackling viciously. They seemed to be in much better condition than the visitors.

Bud Browne was the outstanding player in this game followed closely by Lane. In the line Davis, Daniels, and Mundt played well. Thorpe fell on a fumble behind the goal line to score the first touchdown.

Score by periods: Gould 0 6 7 0—13
Bridgton 0 0 0 6—6

The Bridgton game marked the end of football for ten of the Gould Academy players who won letters. Captain Norris Brown, Lane, Bartlett, Glover, Thorpe, McNally, L. Hale, N. Hale, Carter and Geo. Wight will all be lost through graduation. These payers will leave a big dent in the squad for next year especially where material is so limited.

The men listed below were awarded the varsity G. At the close of the season these men elected Norris Brown as Honorary Captain.



(Front row, left to right) Douglas Daniels, Cyril McNally, Richard Davis, John Thorpe, Charles Dwyer, Floyd Thurston, Clayson Glover, Malcolm Mundt, Lester Hale. (Middle Row) Norman Hale, Richard Carter, Henry Martinson, Traf-ton Bartlett, Captain Norris Brown, Stuart Lane, Paul Browne, George Wight. (Back Row) Manager Howard Thurston, Robert Browne, Alonzo Chapman, Coach W. R. Myers, Coach O. H. Anderson, Willard Wight, Robert Walker.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Norris Brown | 10. Richard Davis |
| 2. Paul Browne | 11. Malcolm Mundt |
| 3. Stewart Lane | 12. Douglas Daniels |
| 4. Henry Martinson | 13. Trafton Bartlett |
| 5. Charles Dwyer | 14. Norman Hale |
| 6. John Thorpe | 15. Lester Hale |
| 7. Cyril McNally | 16. Richard Carter |
| 8. Floyd Thurston | 17. George Wight |
| 9. Clayson Glover | 18. Howard Thurston (Mgr.) |

1932 BASEBALL TEAM NOT UP TO PAR

The baseball team of 1932 did not have a very impressive looking win and loss column but the team did play a number of very fine games against strong opponents. It seems that the teams of Oxford County this year were the strongest in years and ranked high in the list of state schools.

The "Blue and Gold" losses were due mainly to the weaknesses in defense. The shortage of material made it impossible to find men who could field some of the important positions real well. Captain Roberts, though strong at the bat, hung up a poor fielding average of 550 for the year while Vail fielded only 480 in the shortstop position. Play behind the bat was weak too and without a strong catcher and an inspiring one a team cannot play top-notch ball.

The inspiring part of the "Blue and Gold" play during the season was the batting and pitching. Exceptionally fine pitching by Quimby and Browne in all games but the one at Gorham helped keep Gould in the running.

For the past five years Gould has had a powerful hitting team and this year was no exception. The pitching in the league this year was perhaps the strongest in a dozen years. South Paris boasted its Pratt, Norway its LaFrance and Hall, while Rumford had four or five excellent pitchers, the ace

of which was Monteith. Against these fingers Gould batters did well to maintain a fine batting average led by Stanley Allen, right fielder. Other star batters were Don Stanley, Bucky Roberts, Custer Quimby and Mark Hamlin.

The following is the season's schedule and record:

Gould	Team	Opponent
7	Gorham, N. H.	0
2	South Paris	7
9	Mexico	13
14	Gorham, N. H.	26
3	Norway	8
21	Mexico	1
5	Rumford	11
9	Norway	14
1	Rumford	4
	South Paris	
10	Alumni	4

The feature of the season was the Alumni Game which the undergraduates took by a 10 to 4 score. For four straight years the alumni had ruled the day as a feature of the Graduation exercises, but this year the Gould outfit played its finest game and behind the excellent pitching of Browne came out on the long end of the score.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

At the beginning of the fall term, the girls organized the Girls Athletic Association under the supervision of their new physical director, Miss Dorothy Hanscom. The following officers were elected:

- President—Polly Brown
 Vice-President—Shirley Cole
 Secretary and Treasurer—Chrystel Chisholm
 Senior Representative—Betty Hunt
 Junior Representative—Norma Rolfe
 Sophomore Representative—Betty Edwards
 Freshman Representative—Roberta Brown
 Manager Basketball—Barbara Heath

Manager Baseball—Sally Chapman
 Manager Hiking—Ruth Hay
 Manager Winter Sports—Margaret Ham-
 lin

The purpose of the organization shall be to cooperate with the department of physical education in prompting permanent interest in physical recreation, and to emphasize sportsmanship. Membership is open to every girl in the school, providing she has a satisfactory class standing.

This term has thus far been devoted to hiking. Each girl, taking hiking, is required to take one forty-minute supervised hike a week, and two forty-minute hikes, herself. A five mile hike supervised, or not, as the girls prefer is also required. An eight mile approved hike must be taken sometime this fall.

Basketball is to start immediately after the Thanksgiving recess.

TRACK

The Gould Academy track squad of 1932 was one of the largest the school has ever had. With only four letter men from the 1931 squad together with the new material available, Coach Fossett was able to build up a fairly well balanced team.

For the first time in the history of the school Gould men were entered in the interscholastic meet at Colby College. The boys making the trip with Coach Fossett were Captain Chapman, Daniels, Greene, and Thorpe.

The annual Oxford County Meet was held at Andover on May 28. Twenty-two Gould men were entered. The following places were taken:

Mile run—W. Bartlett, 3rd.
 100 yd. dash—C. Hennings, 3rd.
 220 yd. dash—N. Brown, 3rd.

880 yd. run—R. Greene, 2nd.
 Junior relay—(Carter, Daniels, E. Brown, Mundt) 2nd.
 Senior relay—(F. Chapman, N. Brown, T. Bartlett, L. Learned) 2nd.
 Broad jump—D. Daniels, 3rd.
 Javelin—J. Stevens, 3rd.

At this Meet Gould placed fourth in a list of six schools.

The following week at the Bates interscholastics, Gould showed up much better, finishing in third place, only a point behind the winners. Norris Brown copped a first place in the quarter mile; Gould cleaned up a dozen points in the hurdles when T. Bartlett was first in the highs and Captain Chapman rushed in for a first in the lows and a third in the highs. D. Daniels placed second in the broad jump, and C. Hennings tallied a fourth in the 220 yd. dash.

Track practice will start indoors this winter with the purpose of sending a team to the Bowdoin indoor meet.

The spring schedule will be enlarged over that of recent years, taking in interscholastic meets at several colleges, as well as the Oxford County and dual meets with other secondary schools.

At a meeting of the letter men Traf-ton Bartlett was elected Captain and Eldredge Berry as Manager of the 1932 team. Assistant Managers are Arthur Hill and Walter Grover.

The 1932 squad consisted of: Barnett, F. Chapman (Captain), Glover (Manager), Daniels, Hennings, Thorpe, T. Bartlett, Learned, N. Brown, Greene, W. Bartlett, P. Carter, F. Macmillan, E. Brown, Mundt, Thurston, Whitman, P. Browne, Roberts, Stevens, Allen, Vail, and P. Chapman.

The following were lettermen: F. Chapman, Daniels, Hennings, T. Bartlett, Learned, N. Brown, Greene, W. Bartlett, Barnett, Stevens, and Glover.

Jokes

As a circus is to a clown,
So is Betty Soule to Bob Brown.

As a horse is to his mane,
So is Chrystel to Stuart Lane.

As a church is to a town,
So is Betty Goudy to Norris Brown.

As a maid is to a lover,
So is Betty Harrington to Clayson Glover.

As 2000 pounds is to a ton,
So is "Geet" Hall to Martinson.

As a car is to a tire,
So is "Sis" to Charles Dwyer.

As a servant is to a mop,
So is Mary to John Thorpe.

As an Englishman is to his sherry,
So is Shirley to Eldredge Berry.

As a Senator is to a senate,
So is Doris to Edwin Bennett.

Miss Litchfield: What is etiquette?

Student: Saying "no, thank you,"
when you mean "gimme."

Mabel: So you and Maurice are to
be married? Why I thought it was a
mere flirtation.

Helen: So did Maurice.

Phyllis: Daddy, John has asked me
to marry him, but I told him I couldn't
leave mother.

Father (brightly): That's all right,
my dear, take her with you.

Father: What does this sixty on
your report mean?

Kirk: Oh, that's the temperature of
the room.

Eng. Teacher: Now, please decline
the verb "to be."

Student: I decline with pleasure.

Betty H.: What's that noise?

Persis: Nothing but Daddy's Ford.

Betty: Oh, I thought it was a car.

Mr. Fossett: Name another one of
the men.

Dot Foster: I don't know.

Mr. Fossett: I don't recall that one.

Cat: I have nine lives.

Frog: That's nothing, I croak every
day.

Miss Hanscom: Use the word
"corpse" in a sentence.

Hastings: He was stopped by the mo-
tor corpse (cops).

Miss Bailey (in General Science):
What is density?

Student: Substance that a dentist
uses.

MAGAZINES

The Pathfinder—Eldredge Berry (to
one part of the Main Room).

College Humor—Mr. Fossett.

Liberty—Home Students.

Wild West—"Junior" Chapman.

Country Gentleman—Robert King.

Judge—Mr. Crane.

Farmer's Wife—Virginia (we won-
der).

Life—Vacation.

Nation's Business — Commercial
Course.

Popular Mechanics—Manual Train-
ing.

The Delineator—Edith Kirk.

True Love—"Bud" Browne (?)

Miss Litchfield: "Who can tell me
the meaning of 'venir a,' quickly?"

M. Tibbetts (after about two min-
utes): "To come to."

Miss L.: "I think some of us need
to practice that verb!"

Miss Litchfield in "Sans Famille":
"Translate va-t-en, in today's lesson."

Harlan: "Scram!"

Skeesicks: "What made you leave Mrs. X's boarding after you'd been there two years?"

Skeedadle: "Why, I discovered they had no bath tub!"

Mr. Crane: "Can you tell me what the two thirds rule is?"

Pupil: "Sure, we have it in our house — my mother and grandma against 'Pop'."

Helen P.: "Johnny must have a terrible room-mate who won't let him keep his photo on his shelf."

Betty: "Oh, but it's an x-ray he had taken of his stomach."

Mr. Kellogg: "You are late, the play started half an hour ago; go in on tip-toe."

Polly B: "What? Is everyone asleep so soon?"

Cyril Me: "I think that girl is as pretty as she can be."

Stuart L.: "Most girls are." Ex.

"Is that clock right over there on the dorm?"

"It certainly ain't anywhere else."

"Oh, Mother," sobbed the bride, "I'm so unhappy! I baked a nice c-cake for Harry and h-he threw it at me."

"The brute! Why, he might have killed you." Ex.

"Ginger ale, please."

"Pale?"

"Oh, no! a glass will be plenty." Ex.

"Jane seems very unpopular. What's wrong?"

"She won the popularity contest."

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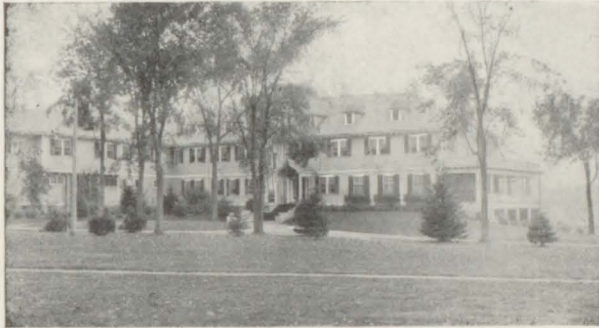
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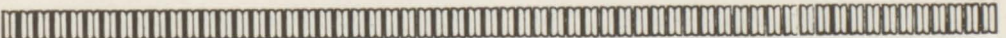
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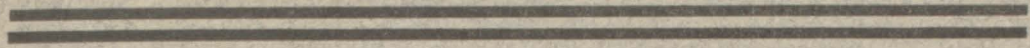
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